

## GROWLS AND TEARS.

WASHINGTON BESIEGED BY DISAPPOINTED OFFICE SEEKERS.

Denouncing the President For Not Recognizing Their Claims—Craze For Consulships—An Asylum For Tired Literary Fellows—A Georgian In the Kitchen.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Some queer incidents are to be observed among the office seekers these days. This morning, for instance, I paused on the White House portico to listen for a moment to the conversation of a group of disappointed men who were standing under the porte cochere hard by. One was evidently from New York city, another from the southwest, as could be easily discerned from his hat and boots, while a third was from Illinois or Iowa. They



THEY DON'T LIKE IT.

took turns talking, and the burden of their turn was a denunciation of President Cleveland for his failure to recognize their claims. They scarcely knew how to express their indignation.

Just as they had reached fever heat and were indulging in some very lurid language concerning the master of the White House the secretary of war made his appearance. Being acquainted with two of the men, he stopped to talk with them a moment, and I was surprised to hear the very men who had been denouncing Cleveland start in to praise him. They exhausted their stock of adjectives and superlatives in describing the greatness and the goodness of the president. You see, Colonel Lamont is President Cleveland's right hand man in the distribution of the offices. His advice is often sought, and he has closer relations with the president probably than any other man. Therefore the disgruntled ones dare not air their grievances before Lamont, and from protestation turned in a way that was comically abrupt into panegyrics.

This is characteristic of the office seekers. They growl and curse, but take good care not to destroy the remnant of hope that remains within them by permitting their expletives to be heard by those in authority. It is funny to see a squad of them in the office of one of the members of the cabinet—all smiles and compliments and unctuous admiration for the new administration—and to hear them talk an hour later on their return to their hotel.

The office seeking episode has now reached the stage known as "kicking at the tavern." Impromptu symposiums are formed at the hotels, and views, experiences, disappointments, indignation and profanity freely exchanged. These office seekers who sit about the hotel lobbies wearily waiting, hoping against hope and "kicking" while they wait, form a little world of their own. Nothing appears to interest them save the latest gossip about appointments. They think and talk of nothing else. They must even dream of the commissions which have never been made out.

Nor is it all ludicrous. Many of these poor fellows become half crazed over their quest for official honors. It is a wonder more cranks are not developed among them. Last night, for example, an office seeker whom I have known for several years called me to him in a corner of the Arlington hotel. He had been writing a letter to his wife in the west and insisted upon reading it to me. It was a tale of disappointment after disappointment, but of dogged determination to hang on till the last place is filled. As he read the letter my friend's cheeks



PICKING OUT THEIR CONSULSHIPS.

were wet with tears, and when I advised him to give up and go home he said, "No; my wife and I have set our heart on an appointment, and if I fail I'll never show my face in the town where I live."

Though most of the place seekers are still at the hotels, the boarding house or furnished room stage of the business will soon be reached by many of them. As one after another runs short of funds he will abandon his expensive quarters at the inn, and in a few months more we shall have roaming the streets of the capital the usual crop of frouzy, seedy, discouraged and dilapidated men who

came to Washington for offices and found them not. Within 60 days we shall realize again the truth of the old tradition that many a man who comes to the capital asking the president to give him a foreign mission winds up with a request for an old pair of boots to walk home in.

Speaking of foreign missions, there is an unaccountable craze for going abroad. The crop of hunters for consulships is the biggest crop of all in the office seeking field. I can understand why even successful men might want to go abroad as a minister of their government. It is an honor and leads to a pleasant sojourn in a foreign capital. It is also easy to understand why a man should be willing to take one of the best consulships—one of the places which afford an income of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year.

These places, however, are very few, and the great majority of men seeking consulships must be content with posts which pay from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year, and which require them to bury themselves in sleepy little towns which no energetic American would ever think of choosing as a desirable place of residence. Yet there are many thousands of men in the country bringing all the pressure they can to secure just such places.

Go over to the state department any of these days, and you will see a group of men gathered about the big globe in the corridor either picking out consulships or looking up the geographical position of the places for which they have already put in application. Every day 50 or more men call at the consular bureau of the state department and ask for copies of the register which contains a list of all the consulships, with salary and fees. Not one in a score of these men will get an appointment, but they appear to take great delight in turning the big globe around and in poring over atlases with the register in their hands.

Nearly every man who asks for a consulship has some excuse for his demand. One wants to go abroad for his health. Another's daughter has a fine voice, which must be cultivated in European schools. A third is studying Scandinavian literature with a view to making some translations for which the world is yearning.

There is a tradition, you know, that consulships may be rightfully used as a sort of convenient method of pensioning off "literary fellows," but President Cleveland doesn't uphold the tradition, and if I were seeking a consulship I'd throw literature to the dogs and pretend to be a simple business man whose sole ambition was to make a good consul and develop American trade as much as possible.

An amusing story is told of an office seeker from Georgia who wanted his congressman, Mr. Moses, to take him to



WAITING TO SEE THEIR SENATOR.

the president and ask for an appointment. Mr. Moses accompanied his constituent to the executive mansion and paused in the lobby to talk with some friends. Presently he stepped into the elevator to go up to the library, but missed his constituent and ascended without him. The Georgian, who had improved the opportunity to take a peep into the east room, caught a glimpse of Moses as he entered the elevator, but did not succeed in overtaking him.

When the lift returned, the Georgian, not being familiar with the White House or with elevators, stepped aboard and told the boy to take him down. In a couple of minutes the Georgian was wandering about in the laundry and kitchen, a queer place to go hunting an office! "What kin I do for you, boss?" inquired one of the colored cooks. "I'm looking for Mr. Moses," said the Georgian.

"He don't cook here," replied the man in the apron, "but praps he's a 'ostler down at the stables."

The colored men themselves are not slow as office seekers. One that I know is a candidate for consul at Tananarive, Madagascar, and his argument in his own behalf is certainly worthy of attention. The climate of Madagascar, he claims, is so unhealthy that every other white man who goes there as consul falls ill of fever and dies during his first year of service, and it costs the government more to bring the bodies of the dead consuls home than the salary of the office amounts to. "Now, I can stand any climate in the world," says the applicant. "I have had yellow fever, Chagres fever, swamp fever, smallpox and cholera, and I'll guarantee not to die on your hands at Tananarive."

Happening to call at the Elmsier hotel early one recent morning, I was surprised to find six or eight men sitting on the stairs. Some of them were rather sleepy, as if they had gotten up early in the morning and camped there. Inquiry developed the rather interesting fact that they were Illinois office seekers waiting to see Senator Palmer and determined he shouldn't get out of the house without first listening to their demands. The ruse was successful, for at that moment the old senator—a good hustler after appointments if he is 77 years old—appeared at the head of the stairs, and every mother's son of an office seeker got a chance at him before he went to breakfast. WALTER WELLMAN.

## LADIES OF A COURT.

WIVES AND WIDOWS OF UNITED STATES SUPREME JUDGES.

After the Wife of the President They Are First on the Social List—Not Very Gay, but Very Gracious—Brief Sketch of Their Lives.

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The ladies composing the circle of the supreme court of the United States, being wives of men who have earned their distinguished positions after many years of eminent and honorable service, are not supposed to be very young, very gay nor very fashionable. Being women of marked individuality and coming from sections widely apart, all seem to have fully realized in character, graciousness of manner and kindness of heart the Bible standard of womanhood.



MRS. FIELD. MRS. BREWER.

The court ladies receive their guests on Monday, and, after the wife of the president, are first on the social list, wives of senators, cabinet officers and representatives calling on them first. The wife of the chief justice is supposed to be entitled to somewhat the same distinction among the ladies that his position entitles him to among the judges, and any innovation or change in established form must receive the seal of her approval before final adoption.

Mrs. Fuller was born at Burlington, Ia., and educated in the schools of New York and Massachusetts. Mrs. Fuller went to Chicago upon her marriage and there resided until called to Washington. As the wife of the chief justice an unusual amount of interest centers in her, and Mondays bring to her parlors many of the distinguished citizens and visitors of the nation's capital. The mother of nine children, with the additional care of stepchildren, her life has been a busy one. Of the five daughters in society, she has witnessed the marriage of four, all of whom have one or more settled in their own homes.

The tastes and inclinations of Mrs. Fuller's daughters have varied so widely that with the introduction of each an entirely different set of young people have frequented her entertainments. Miss Katherine is the present queen of the household. Mrs. Fuller's characteristics are very pronounced, her preferences strong, and she is remarkably free from affectation and pretense. She has no fads and tolerates no foolish pursuit of hobbies. A warm admirer of the Cleveland, their coming is matter of rejoicing in the Fuller household.

Mrs. Field has perhaps wielded as wide an influence over society as any one woman in Washington. A Kentuckian by birth, a Californian by rearing and education, her spacious and historic home on Capitol hill has been the scene of wide and much enjoyed hospitality. She has visited almost every foreign land and been presented at many of the courts of Europe, that of Napoleon and Queen Victoria when a very young woman. Broad minded and public spirited, Mrs. Field is one of the governors of the Washington Statue association, her object being to present France with a statue worthy of American women and the "Father of His Country." The necessary funds having been collected, they now lie in bank awaiting models to choose from. Mrs. Field is one of the national vice presidents of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

For 30 years the home of ex-Associate Justice Miller was a synonym for hospitality, and Mrs. Miller did much to establish Washington's reputation for elegant official entertainments. Since his death three years ago she has resided in Colorado Springs with her daughter, Mrs. Tonzalin, who, with her son, a lawyer in Chicago, are left of the four children who called her mother. Widely traveled, Mrs. Miller's winters in Rome were seasons of special delight, while England and Scotland were but little less enjoyed. A woman suffragist from childhood, she is eloquent in upholding the rights of women, believing that amenity to laws and taxation entitle all to rights of citizens in government affairs. Born in Pennsylvania of English parentage, she was too frail as a child to be sent to school. Her health is again delicate, compelling her to lead a quiet life, greatly to the regret of the circle wherein she is a charming member.



MRS. WAITE. MRS. WOOD.

The wife of Associate Justice Blatchford was born in London of an English mother and American father. As Caroline Appleton she came to Boston when a child and resided there until her marriage. New York city then became her home. For 11 years they have lived in Washington. A woman of pronounced and decided views, she expresses her convictions with earnestness and as one who thinks and reasons for herself, being little influenced by the opinions of others. The Blatchford dinners and luncheons are gems, and though mainly given to small parties are much enjoyed. One

married son, a lawyer in New York, is her only child. The Blatchfords own their cottage at Newport and spend their summers there. Like their Washington home, it is handsomely furnished, and numerous and choice embroideries and numerals from all parts adorn the parlors.

Mrs. Brewer is a true hearted, Green mountain (Vermont) woman, born at Burlington, on Lake Champlain, and has never lost her love for the hills. Going to Kansas at 15 on the death of her mother, she there met, loved and married her husband. She has four daughters. Mrs. Brewer delights in china painting and exhibits some very creditable specimens. Singularly pretty, she blends the blond and brunette types. Mrs. Brewer is exceedingly domestic, enjoying calling most when, as she says, her husband can accompany her evenings, though the home circle and comfort of her family absorb most of her attention. Genial and cordial, her manners are easy and singularly free from assumption and affectation. Blond in coloring, she is slender and graceful, with an abundance of light, fluffy hair. Her deep blue eyes have an expression of pleading confidence seldom seen in one past early girlhood. A womanly woman whom other women love, her nature passes Goethe's beautiful limit, for she not only "loves God and little children," but opens her heart to all who need her affection.

Mrs. Brown is from a long line of ancestry noted from the foundation of our government for its brave men and beautiful women. The blood of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens courses her veins. A gracious manner, beautiful face and exquisite form are blended to make a picture of loveliness seldom seen. No children grace her home, so her husband and his friends have been her most constant associates. This perhaps accounts for the fact that she is interested in such matters as men discuss and feels it best to leave all national questions in their hands. She likes political discussions and reads history rather than fiction. Greatly admired, her ill health, which forbids all social life, is matter of universal regret. A good German and French scholar, the pleasures of frequent trips to foreign lands has been greatly augmented by this fact.

As Lillie Kennedy, daughter of Robert and Charlotte Kennedy, Mrs. Shiras was born and resided in Pittsburg until her husband was elevated to the supreme bench last October. As a child she spent most of her time in a rambling, old fashioned house surrounded by a majestic oak grove. With dogs and birds for companions, her natural fondness for animals was developed, while flowers and the study of botany early became subjects of interest. Her sunny rooms at the Arlington, with flowers on mantel, windows and brackets, speak eloquently of continued care for her old favorites. Of her two sons, the elder is married and has two children. Mrs. Shiras has a tall, commanding figure and is decidedly a handsome woman.



MRS. SHIRAS. MRS. BROWN.

Mrs. Waite, widow of the late chief justice, was born in Connecticut of French and Huguenot ancestors. Of her five children only two are living, a son and daughter, the latter at home with her mother. It was said the justice never employed a clerk, but with Miss Mary's assistance did all the work incident to the preparation of his cases. She thereby earned the title of "her father's right hand," which might be extended and she be called "her mother's heart," for such she seems. Domestic in taste, Mrs. Waite thoroughly enjoyed entertaining the distinguished men her home was thronged with during her husband's life. An extensive traveler, she has been abroad a number of times, while all parts of the United States are familiar. Fond of making acquaintance, her life in Washington has done much to remove the feeling that she is meeting strangers in extending its limits.

The recent death of Justice Lamar has revived a number of the romantic stories which found their way into the press when he and Mrs. Holt of Macon married six years ago. There is just enough of truth in all to preclude denial of any. One of Mr. Lamar's daughters said to me that the first and most beautiful love story she ever heard was told by her mother, and her father was the hero. Mrs. Lamar retains much of the beauty for which she was noted when a girl, and there is an air of sincerity and cordiality of manner when she says "I am glad to meet you" that causes one to feel as unrestrained as if greeting an old friend rather than a representative of our highest social circle. It is not probable that Mrs. Lamar will again make her home in Washington. She cares little for gay society, so it is quite likely she will dispose of her pretty home and hereafter reside with Mrs. Virgin, her last remaining child.

The widow of William Burnham Woods is an Ohioan by birth and education, though her father, Willard Warner, and her mother, Eliza Eunice Williams, were from Vermont and Massachusetts respectively. Mrs. Woods resides with her children, a daughter and her son, a lawyer in Chattanooga. She devotes herself to making their home happy and attractive, considerable time being given to reading. Having traveled extensively in her own and foreign lands, she is a cultured and attractive woman. She is an Episcopalian in faith, a daughter of the Revolution by inheritance, though not by affiliation, and a member of a total abstinence society. Her aims in life are exalted, and she endeavors so to live that "each day's setting sun sees some kindly action done."

MARY ROSS BANKS.

## AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Between Land and Lake Detectives Crook Will Fare Hard.

(Special Correspondence.)

CHICAGO, March 30.—The light fingered gentry, the experts in the matter of extracting your wallet from your rear pocket, or your diamond stud or pin from your shirt bosom, or perchance the solitaire drops from your lady's ears—these will be afforded little opportunity of taking advantage of what is known in popular phraseology as the "law's delays" should they be unfortunate enough to be "caught in the act" while engaged in their nefarious vocation on the World's fair grounds. In a previous letter I told about a little structure that was in course of erection at one end of the immense inclosure, and which was intended for a morgue, where a deputy coroner would be constantly on duty to attend to the dead. Another structure is now going up at the other end of the grounds, only it is altogether outside of the fence. It is intended to be occupied as a justice court, and in it a magistrate will be constantly on duty to the end that justice may be done to crook and victim alike.

It is perhaps a trifle unfortunate that we can't "railroad" criminals in this particular part of the United States. They do things better in the state of William Penn, and the majesty of the law has never been better exemplified or vindicated than it was in the Quaker City during the progress of the centennial. One instance comes forcibly to my mind. It was on the Fourth of July of the centennial year, when the great and imposing demonstration of all nations took place in front of Independence hall, that a newspaper correspondent from abroad essayed to mount the steps to the platform reserved for distinguished guests. As he put his foot on the first step and the blue coated Cerebrus reached for his ticket he felt a tug at his watch chain and realized in a second that his time-piece had vanished. At the same moment he was conscious of the fact that a genteel looking young fellow who had followed him in single file up to the stand was now wiggling his way through the crowd like a worm.

The foreigner, who was agile and fleet footed, wiggled his way in the same direction, chased the culprit across Independence square, jumped on his neck as he was going down the steps into Walnut street and pinioned him to the ground until relieved by the breathless, panting police officer, who had brought up the rear a block behind. All this happened at noon. At 5 o'clock that same afternoon the grand jury had returned a true bill for highway robbery. By 11 o'clock on the following morning the fellow had been tried, convicted and was on his way to the eastern penitentiary, "Cherry hill," as the Philadelphians call it, to serve a sentence of three years imprisonment. That's what they call railroading in the Quaker City.

We won't, however, be able to do things that way out here this summer simply because our laws are so framed as to afford every possible loophole for delay so far as the criminal is concerned. In fact, I am told by an eminent authority that there are only three states—Pennsylvania, Ohio and Wisconsin—where the laws are so framed that even when the necessity for making a public example is the greatest the crime of today can be finally dealt with by the law in its majesty tomorrow. However, we have something of a substitute for "railroading," and a substitute, moreover, that may prove equally unpalatable to the criminal fraternity. Instead of charging them with a specific criminal offense, which would necessitate a binding over to the grand jury and their admission to bail, if bail was forthcoming in the meantime, they can be arraigned before the justice of the peace on the general charge of "disorderly conduct."

The justice sits as both court and jury, and having heard sufficient evidence to convince him that the individual arraigned has actually been guilty of conduct so designated he can, in the exercise of his discretion, either fine him a sum not exceeding \$500 or commit him to the Bridewell for a period not exceeding one year. This institution may not be as severe in its methods and discipline as the penitentiary, but it is a matter of record that those who have once been its guests never hanker after a second experience of its hospitality.

This, therefore, is the kind of "short shift" that the World's fair lawbreakers may expect as their portion. I mentioned just now that the justice court will be located outside of the inclosure. This is because under the state law a court cannot sit within any place roofed or unroofed to which an entrance fee is charged. There will be, however, a private exit right handy, so that the courtroom can be reached without delay or the chances of encountering a mob. Arrangements will be made with the justices of the peace having jurisdiction in Hyde Park by which they will alternate morning and afternoon at the World's fair court so that one or the other may be found at his desk from the time the gates are opened in the morning until they are finally closed at night.

Still another feature of the police arrangements at the fair and regarding which nothing has so far been said is the marine service. The lake front is intended to be used as anchorage ground for a large number of vessels, and this fact might, it is thought, be used by the crooked fraternity to its advantage. By way of exercising supervision over this portion of the fair territory, it is intended to keep in commission two first class steam launches, able to stand a good sea. They will be manned by competent officers, be well equipped with powerful searchlights and will patrol the lake front night and day. Between the land and lake detectives on shore and the marine detectives on the sea the lot of the World's fair crook is likely to be a hard one.

HENRY M. HUNT.

England received about 10,457,600 letters from the United States last year. Germany received from us 5,858,040 letters and France 1,884,040.

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Between Life and Death for four long months. The swelling broke in three places along the front bone. I never saw anyone suffer as she did. In a short time places of bone worked out of all four places. The physician said his skill was exhausted, and if anything would help her it would be Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We Had to Go 20 Miles to Batesville to get it. She was helpless as a babe and suffering greatly. Before she had taken the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla she had improved so much that she could get on the floor, and hop on her well foot. She was soon able to walk without even a crutch. The swelling on her legs has entirely gone down, and

All The Sores Have Healed Up. She is now just five years old, and we feel very much indebted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has given her back to us in good health. O, how thankful I am!" SARAH P. MCCLENNEY, Wolf Bayou, Cleburn County, Ark.

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